

CHARIVARIA.

We are pleased to see that the Admiralty is continuing its policy of secrecy in regard to the latest additions to the Navy. It is rumoured that, with a view to further misleading our enemies, our next giant cruiser will be christened *The Midget*.

The Irish Unionist Members of the House of Commons have decided to erect in Ireland a memorial of the work of the late Colonel SAUNDERSON. It will take the form of a statue. The Liberal Members of the House of Commons have decided to erect in Ireland a memorial of the work of the late Mr. C. S. PARNELL. It will take the form of a statue.

The amount of money spent on the THAW proceedings rather disposes of the thought, so comforting to those who are not plutocrats, that millionaires have their trials like the rest of us.

The finest tribute to the cleverness of Mr. DELMAS came from Mr. THAW himself. In a statement issued to the Press while the jury was considering the verdict Mr. THAW announced that after hearing all the evidence he was convinced that he was innocent.

A boa-constrictor, believed to be nearly a hundred years old, has died in Virginia. It is said to have remembered news of the Battle of Waterloo being cried in the streets.

From time to time it is rumoured that the CZAR's reason has given way. In the current number of *The London Magazine* Mr. FOSTER FRASER indirectly supports this rumour. Describing the CZAR in his private room, Mr. FRASER says, "If a fresh log is wanted to replenish the fire the Emperor throws it on himself." A sane man would of course throw it on the fire.

Recent revelations at Sunderland and Newcastle and elsewhere prove that, in spite of the charge that the Government is indifferent in the matter of preparedness for war, the supply of ammunition in this country is larger than it has ever been before.

The National Union of Teachers has ordered its unemployed members to refuse to accept the positions now vacant owing to the dismissals by the West Ham education authorities; and the Union has the strong moral support of the children affected, even though the little ones realise that the action of the Union may result in their being temporarily deprived of tuition.

It has been stated that 12,000 poles will be used in the course of the re-decoration of the British Museum, and "Patriot" writes to protest against the employment of so many aliens on a Government job.

It has been suggested that, with a



A SUGGESTION FOR THE SCHOOL OF SEA COOKS.
THE CLASS FOR THE TRAINING OF BEGINNERS IN STORM COOKERY.

view to preventing the necessity for reducing the staff at Woolwich Arsenal in times of peace, motor-cars shall be manufactured there in addition to the other death-dealing instruments.

Zoo's 896,423 VISITORS

SOME ITEMS OF FOOD FOR THE ANIMALS are headlines in *The Observer* which strike us as wanting in tact.

The statement that Eastbourne's new orchestra will be known as "The Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S" is not quite correct. Herr P. TAS is to conduct, and it will be called "Der Duke von DEVONSCHIRS" Orchester."

The Daily Chronicle is very enthusiastic about the colt "Pom," which made a successful appearance at Newmarket last week. He must certainly have ex-

ceptional staying power if our contemporary's exclusive information be true. The *Chronicle* makes the almost incredible statement that he is entered for the Epsom Derby and Doncaster St. Leger of 1980.

The trials of model aeroplanes at the Alexandra Palace last week proved beyond a doubt that aeroplanes will be so dangerous that many people will fly on merely catching sight of one.

In discussing the play, "Votes for Women," the *Daily News* says:—"Every one of the actresses and actresses were splendid." It only shows how successfully the playwright had imbued the stage with an atmosphere of femininity.

Picture postcards of Prince ARTHUR of Connaught, says Laffan, are being circulated in Serbia by a secret society which wishes to place him on the throne. However, forewarned is forearmed. Every precaution is being taken to prevent the Prince being kidnapped, and he certainly will not submit without a struggle.

Since their visit to this country the Colonial Premiers have become confirmed in their views as to the necessity for Protection. If food were

dearer, there would be fewer Banquets. They recommend a moderate taxation of food-stuffs instead of over-taxation of digestive organs.

Mr. WALLACE, K.C., pointed out at the Newington Sessions last week that there was a marked diminution in criminal cases. As compared with the corresponding period of the previous year there were twenty-five fewer prisoners. One of our leading criminals, interviewed on the subject, declared indignantly that this is merely due to the shocking inefficiency of the police.

A Sporting Offer.

"GENT's bicycle, 30s., or exchange for better one."—*Bedford Daily Circular*.

"Will you take tea with me" or "Will you have tea with me" are phrases not current in society."—*Queen*.

What do they say, then? Whiskey?

THE RETURN OF THE DOVE.

[Mr. TREE has recently been sharing with His Majesty King EDWARD the hostility of a section of the German Press. As the poet puts it:

Upon the spreading BEERBOHM TREE
The villain critic stands,
And the mutterings of his caustic pen
Are harsh as German bands.

But there are consolations of international import.]

WELCOME, O Herald of a Golden Age,
Wafted this way on white and downy wings!
Forget the heathen critic's idle rage
And how he said the most annoying things.
Here in the Muses' haunt, the actual country
Preferred by SHAKSPEARE for his home address,
Take heart and warm your marrow in the sun, TREE,
Of an approving Press.

Well may you mock those journals' jealous tone,
Unechoed in a higher judgment-seat.
Master of every Art to mortals known,
The astonished KAISER stooped to kiss your feet;
And, barely waiting his august permission
To demonstrate their homage, hand and hoof,
Nightly the audience at your exhibition
Stood up and razed the roof.

And other boards than those your buskins trod
Witnessed your triumph when, with wassail lined,
You grew in waist-girth visibly like a god
Or a Colonial Premier, over-dined;
Till Marcobrunner and the beer of Munich
Lent such an amplitude to your inside
That you could stretch the folds of *Falstaff's* tunic
With your unaided hide.

Here shewed your genius; thus you found your way
Into the Teuton's else impervious heart,
Which only yields—and then an easy prey—
To that insidious blend of Ale and Art;
Through this combine, in which our Brewer-Poet,
SHAKSPEARE of Stratford, shone among the best,
German and Briton—"tis to you they owe it—
Embrace each other's breast.

Therefore in vain the Anglophobist crew
Orders a *Dreadnought* every second week,
For now the Eagle, largely thanks to you,
Sits chatting with the Lion, jowl by beak;
And grateful Ministers, profoundly brooding
O'er plans for running England on the cheap,
Joy to observe your olive-branch exuding
Oil on the troubled deep.

O. S.

Acts of Parliament are interpreted in Wales according to the spirit rather than the mere letter of the law. As for instance :

"The first prosecution under the new Dogs Act was heard at Carmarthen on Saturday, when a butcher was fined 31s. 8d. for not properly burying the carcasses of three cows and a bull."—*South Wales Daily Post*.

We understand that there is one really great moment in the new Lyceum melodrama, "Her Love against the World," when Mr. NORMAN PARTRIDGE, who plays the hero, passionately declares that he will die game.

* * * Mr. Punch desires to state that the Stonecutter Street which was named in his last issue as being the address of the Headquarters of the "Criminal Literary Agency" is not the Stonecutter Street which contains the offices of *The Star* and *The Morning Leader*, but another street of the same name.

ANIMALCULES AT THE ALHAMBRA.

(By Mr. Punch's Impressionable Dramatic Critic.)

WHEN, as the accredited representative of *Mr. Punch*, I took my seat at the Alhambra the other evening to witness the first appearance of a company of Animalcules "presented" by Mr. CHARLES URBAN on the stage of his admirable Bioscope, I confess to feeling considerable doubt whether they would "catch on." I thought it *a priori* unlikely that they could possess more than a rudimentary notion of Humour, or that with all their efforts they would succeed in entertaining any audience of taste and refinement.

Still I determined to be just if stern, to remember that all Art must have its beginning, to make all due allowances. Well, I need not have been uneasy. As a matter of fact these little artists played with a vivacity and go, an *ensemble*, *aplomb*, and *entrain* which I have never seen equalled—except of course in the performances of "our lively neighbours" across the Channel. I make this exception, merely because it is customary in dramatic criticisms after any allusion to *ensemble*, not because it represents my personal opinion, which it doesn't.

None of these Animalcules seemed to show the least desire to take the centre of the stage or monopolise the limelight; they scorned all artificial traditions and conventions, and were content to appear simply as themselves, thereby affording a noble example to some of our most popular theatrical celebrities.

The entertainment in which they appeared was called "Nature's Closest Secrets"—a happy title. I do not know which of the Animalcules suggested it. The programme was curiously reticent as to the Christian and surnames of the performers. It may be that they insist on preserving their anonymity—but if so, it is time they were informed that no one loses *caste* nowadays by going on the stage.

As they expressed themselves entirely in dumb show, I did not follow the precise meaning as closely as I could have wished; but I was conscious of a similar inability to grasp the significance of some of the pantomime in the two magnificent ballets which preceded and followed the Animalcules—so evidently the fault lay in my own intelligence.

The scene opened with a lively bustling representation of "Rotifers Rejoicing." I quite expected the hero to come on during the festivities, but, being unable to identify him, concluded that he must be there in disguise.

Then came an interlude, illustrating "Life in a Drop of Water," which was interesting for its local colour, but did not seem to me to do much to advance the plot. I was still waiting for the hero to appear and be accused of something he couldn't have done even if it had occurred to him.

However, when the "Sensational Slipper Animalcule" followed in a lively Knockabout Act, I began to realise that I had made a stupid mistake. It was not a Melodrama at all—but simply a Variety Show.

On the whole I was relieved—the mental strain was less severe. Perhaps the "Slippers" erred somewhat on the side of farcical extravagance; but this was due to high spirits, and I have no doubt will be toned down in subsequent performances.

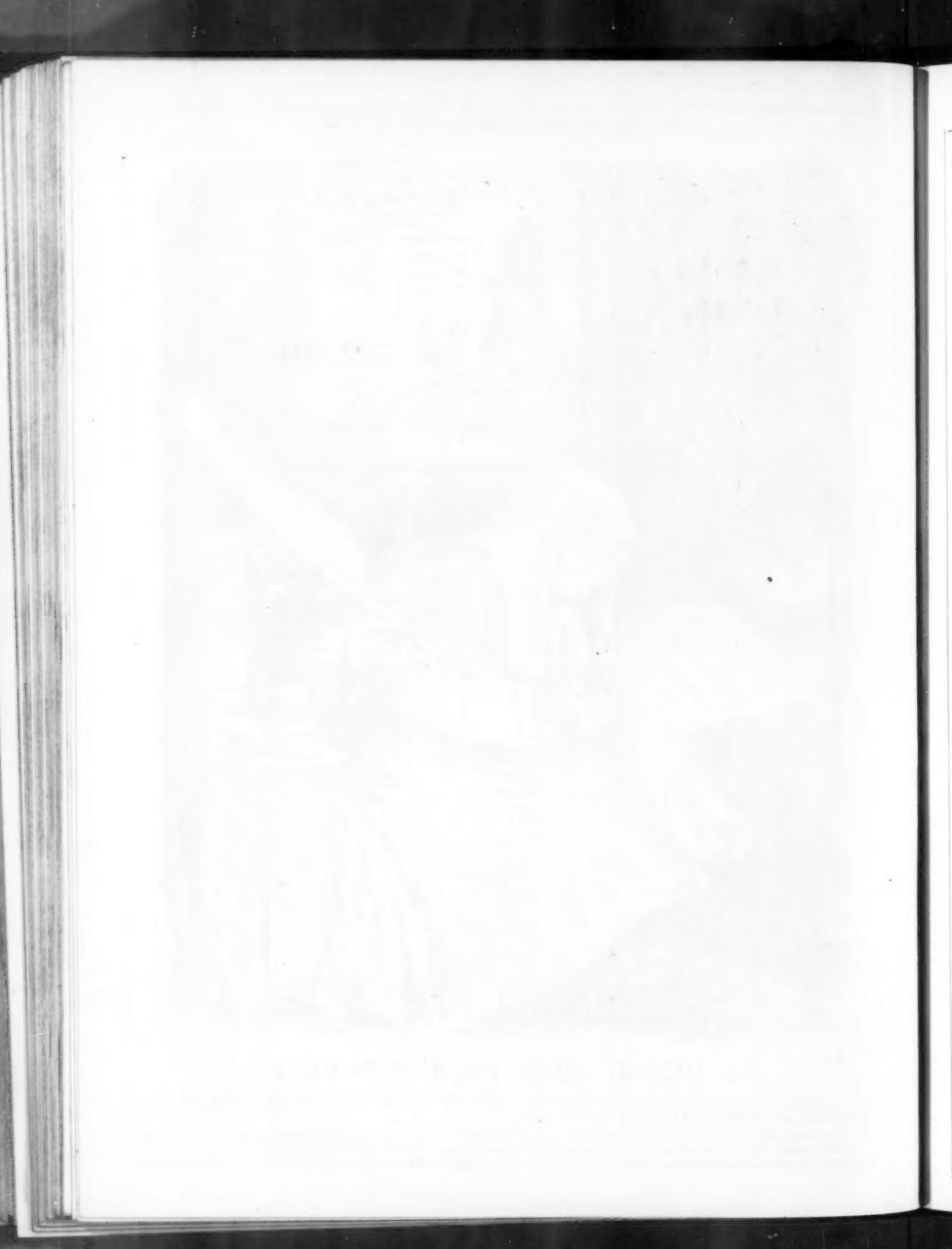
After this the "Al-Fresco Combination Comedy Company of Harvest Mites" appeared in a little Drawing-Room Sketch, which they rendered with a quiet unforced humour and drollery that were perfectly imitable. The smallest mite in particular revealed himself as a low comedian of rare gifts. His by-play and facial expression were simply immense. I wish I could be equally eulogistic about the next turn, which seemed to be a Cake-walking Exhibition by the "Acarina Troupe of Corybantic Cattle-ticks." But, to be frank, two or three of the performers seemed to be so paralysed by



A DANIEL GONE FROM JUDGMENT.

THE YELLOW JUDGE. "NO MORE CRIMINAL CASES TO BE RE-TRIED BY ME! WHAT'S TO BECOME OF JUSTICE—AND MY CIRCULATION?"

[“An enterprising Press had rushed in where jurists feared to tread, and re-trial by newspaper threatened to take the place of re-trial before a judicial tribunal.”—Attorney-General, introducing Bill for the constitution of a Court of Criminal Appeal.]





SPEEDING THE LINGERING GUEST.

Mother. "DON'T RIDE AWAY WITH MRS. BOREHAM'S UMBRELLA, BOBBIE."

Bobbie. "WHY NOT, MOTHER? I WON'T HURT IT."

Mother. "YOU MIGHT, DEAR. AND ANYHOW SHE'LL BE WANTING IT DIRECTLY."

stage-fright that they were quite unable to do themselves justice. Still, a little nervousness is very natural and pardonable on a first night. Indeed, it often accompanies a finely artistic temperament.

A Shadow Dance by a Trio of Highly-trained Tortoise-ticks was more successful, and roused the entire house to frantic enthusiasm.

But the *bonne bouche* of the whole entertainment was a Ballet Divertissement by a Corps of Tyroglyphic (I trust I have got the name right—I found it in an Encyclopædia) Cheese-mites. I understand (again from the Encyclopædia, which is quite a *Who's Who* for these circles) that they are all in the "immature eight-legged-nymph" stage of development. However this may be, they formed a perfect bevy of budding Acarine beauty, and won the hearts of all beholders.

Their evolutions were slow, languorous, dreamy. Exactly what they were designed to convey I do not quite know. At one time I thought the general idea might be to express "the poetic exaltation of a group of romantic young Cheese-mites immediately after their native valley had been irradiated by the roseate glow produced by a glass of fruity old port."

But afterwards I concluded that the intention could hardly have been of this Bacchanalian order. Because, in the Grand New Ballet, "The Queen of Spades," by their human competitors, which concluded the evening, I noticed that Total Abstinence was strongly inculcated in the final conflict between Good and Evil—the Spirit of Good (which of course triumphed) being represented in apotheosis as "La Source" under the name of a well-known aërated table water.

So it is most unlikely that the Management would permit

any Cheese-mite *Coryphée* to do anything that might tend to neutralise the moral effect.

But whatever might be the inner meaning of their minuet, let me hasten to say that there was nothing in it that could call for censure from the most austere moralist. Or at least I saw nothing.

A pleasing feature in the show as a whole was the thorough enjoyment which all these Tiny Mites and Lilliputian Ticks so obviously took in their work. This seems to me a proof that their training cannot have been imparted by any harsh methods. And since their performance comes on at 9.35 P.M., and is over long before ten o'clock, there is no ground for representing that their health is likely to suffer by their being kept up too late.

The only danger is that their little heads may be swelled by such sudden and startling success. Not that I see any reason to apprehend this at present. None of these interesting little *Ixodes* (Encyclopædia again; but why not announce them properly in the programmes?) appeared to me to realise in the least that it had made a hit at all. They remained perfectly modest and unaffected through all the thunders of applause that greeted them.

Bless their innocent little hearts—now I come to think of it, I rather fancy they do not possess such organs; but no matter, if they had hearts, they *would* be innocent, I feel sure of that—may they always preserve their crystalline simplicity and candour even under the trying ordeal of a Stage career!

F. A.

MOTTO FOR PICTURE POSTCARD BEAUTY: Simper eadem.

ALL LIES.

REALLY, to do justice to a play by Mr. CLYDE FITCH, one ought to have lived several years in America. Not having so lived, one is apt to suppose that Mr. FITCH, to say the least of it, has himself lived several years in the theatre, without going outside; whereas things which appear to one stagey and theatrical in his work are, possibly, masterly observations of real life. They do such curious things in America. For example, when the husband in *The Truth*—which is not being told at the Comedy Theatre—having quarrelled with his wife for telling lies, relates to her father how he “sat in his room and clenched his teeth,” he may be describing an ordinary American occupation. In a French play, if one does not know much of French society, one gives the author the benefit of the doubt, and assumes that matters which have an improbable look to one are natural in France; and one should do the same with plays which come from America. This one, to be sure, has been divested—and by a skilful hand—of obvious Americanisms; the dialogue with hardly a lapse—I only caught one “around”—is the speech of London, and the action is made roughly conforming; still, I for one felt myself in New York nearly all the time. I admit I have never been there really, but I am sure Mr. CLYDE FITCH has given me the right feeling. However, it is a bright little play, its effects cleverly contrived, and its characters, if rather much of the theatre, distinct.

All that does not matter—but please don’t cut it out, Mr. Editor. What does matter is that Miss MARIE TEMPEST has a thoroughly good part. In a sense it does not signify very much what Miss TEMPEST plays. She has the *don du théâtre* to a degree so rare on our stage that any part she plays seems credible and distinguished. She is always “there,” always in the picture; the stage when she is on it seems the room it affects to be. It is the great fault of our players to lack this gift altogether, to be obviously people taking part in a game. Miss TEMPEST—with very few others—has it beyond dispute, and adds to it a great technical accomplishment—a quality distinct from it, though necessary for its right effect. I have sometimes thought she presumed on it, playing carelessly and romping, but there is nothing of this in *The Truth*. She tells her lies admirably—the light ones with an air compounded of pleasure in deception and irritation at being asked awkward questions; and the serious ones with the feeling most cleverly indicated that “I can’t help it, but this is really the last.” Her best moment, however, for which I confess I was hardly prepared, was when

her husband found her out and reviled her, and she broke down and protested her real innocence and love for him with a choked voice. It was a fine moment of acting, and would make a far worse play one not to be missed. By the way, I should like to know if Mr. CLYDE FITCH has taken *Becky Warden* in her lighter mood from life. The woman who tells fibs for the pleasure of invention, neither maliciously nor to serve an end of self-importance or evasion—does she exist? I have known one or two men like that, and they were such agreeable fellows that I should like to meet their female equivalent: I never have. The other actors had not a great chance. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD, as the worthless lover, was delightfully easy as ever, and Mr. AXNESWORTH as the husband played his moment of emotion creditably. Mr. DION

exits. It has not even a good part for Sir CHARLES. How could I think of a joke when I was almost weeping at the sight of his splendid technique, his skill and sureness of touch, so thrown away? Moreover, the cast is not nearly so good as it was when the play was first produced. Miss MARY MOORE still plays the heroine prettily and gracefully, of course, and Mr. KEMBLE is droll in the too few minutes he is seen, but Miss IRENE VANBRUGH and Mr. VANE TEMPEST are ill replaced, and as for the actor who played the preposterous husband . . . I fear to pain *Mr. Punch’s* kindly heart; and besides I would not drive Sir CHARLES WYNDDHAM, of whose fine art we see so much too little, away from London by unnecessary rudeness to his colleague.

By the way, I doubt these lying plays have a bad effect on one’s morals. The Comedy is a difficult theatre to leave when it is full, especially on a rainy night. The rain pelted when I was there, and the audience seemed inclined to bivouac in the hall. A powerful and determined lady, just in front of me, heard her carriage called, and proceeded to march bang through the enclosing flesh and blood as though she were fording a river. I followed meekly in her wake, and when any one got between us, “Excuse me,” said I, “I must follow my wife.” They pitied me and smiled and made way. I think I lied rather well.

RUE.



STOOPING TO CONQUER.

Mr. Dawson Milward and Miss Marie Tempest.

BOUCAULT was an elderly ne’er-do-well of a familiar type, and Miss ROSINA FILIPPI’s talent was thrown away on the part of an amorous landlady, which, however, she played with devotion and good humour.

I do not know if Sir CHARLES WYNDDHAM thought I could make a good joke about *The Truth* and *The Liars*, if he revived the latter play at the Criterion while the former was running at the Comedy. If so I am truly sorry—having made several conscientious efforts without success—to disappoint him, for I can imagine no other reason for its revival. Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES has written so many plays with idea and thought underlying them—even some of the most frivolous, like *The Whitewashing of Julia*—that it was really a pity to choose a play of his which has nothing in it but a little clever manipulation of entrances and

“BATTALION Orders . . . Men living in Govan and District may fall-in at Govan Ferry at 1.45 P.M. Uniform—Review.”
—*Glasgow News*.

Heard at the Savoy.

Girl (in the gallery, reading programme): “‘Patience, an aesthetic opera.’ (Disappointedly) Oh, JOHN, ‘tain’t comic. It’s aesthetic!”

Commercial Candour.

In a Cambridge shop-window:

NEW-LAID EGGS,
WARRANTED ALL FRESH.

Good (or, rather, bad) amateur performers, when they die, go to Ballymena; because that is where *The Ballymena Observer* comes out. The *Observer* has a style of its own.

“Dr. C.’s manipulation of the organ spoke to the audience with its own voice of the excellency of the performer.”

“Miss G.’s rendition of this item was most sublime.”

“Mr. . . acquitted himself with much lustre.”

MY PARASITE.

AWHILE ago, when sore opprest
With parlous noises on the chest,
I heard some lunatic suggest
That for a simple cure
A porous Plaster, clapped upon the
breast,
Was cheap and sure.

This garment I made haste to don ;
And truly, ere a week had gone,
It wrought a magic spell upon
The megrims and the cough ;
The only trouble is, that now it's on
It won't come off.

I've tried the corners first—in vain ;
I've tried against and with "the grain"
Day after day, and suffered pain
Enough for any six ;
I say I've worked it till I've roared
again,
But there it sticks.

It may be that one ought to feel
The pathos of its mute appeal ;
I grant that in its dog-like zeal
The creature far transcends
The love of brothers—ay, and sticks a
deal
Closer than friends ;

Still, even then, enough's a feast ;
Besides, the poor devoted beast
Is getting shabby, frayed, and creased ;
And, though it doesn't show,
Its presence isn't nice, to say the least !

Far from it ! No.

But there it is ; and means to stay
Apparently till judgment-day ;
And doubtless when I'm old and grey
The thing will yet be there ;
Soap doesn't seem to make it go away,

No more does prayer.

* * * * *

P.S.—I've just been pained to read
That, when the hour has come to speed
The parting guest, you merely need
A strong, determined clutch ;
Then give a few sharp jerks, and—oh !—

In-deed !—

Thanks very much !

DUM-DUM.

"THE STRAPHANGER'S EXPRESS."

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

The conductors of *The Straphanger's Express* mean to run it on new and up-to-date lines. It will be a radical departure from the ordinary track. That another morning paper is wanted cannot be denied. To offer the straphanger a newspaper of conventional proportions is a mockery ; without two hands and elbow-room it cannot be unfolded. The straphanger who attempts single-handed to manipulate a broadsheet finds it physically impossible to turn overleaf, and after three minutes' jostling by



Bus Driver (to Van Driver, who is blocking the way). "Ere, that's a nice bit o' FREEHOLD YOU'VE GOT THERE!"

fellow-pendulums he is left with a mere fistful of shreds, fit for nothing but a paper-chase.

Thus the straphanger is deprived of one of the necessities of life.

To fill the gap *The Straphanger's Express* is being started. It will be a newsbook, not a newspaper. Consisting of 48 pages, each 5 inches by 4, it can comfortably be held in one hand. The problem of turning over the pages presented some difficulty, and many experiments were necessary before a solution was found. By the adoption of stout paper and an ingenious form of binding, a newsbook has been produced the pages of which any straphanger can turn over with ease and certainty by a simple movement of his nose.

The new paper will adopt a go-ahead policy ; it will be carried on by progressive people. To alleviate the tedium of travel, an element of humour will pervade its columns ; raillery and irony will not be lacking. But the humour will be mild : it may make the straphanger smile, but it shall not make him hold his sides, since to induce the latter operation is to expose him to injury if not to death. At the recent inquest on an unfortunate straphanger it was proved

in evidence that the deceased was reading a periodical called *Punch*, and was contorted by a joke just as the motorman applied the brakes. Never shall it be said that *The Straphanger's Express* lost a reader in this way.

The first issue will contain a number of special articles likely to have a direct interest for those who move in straphanger circles. The L.C.C. members who were rejected at the last election will tell how they lost their seats, and whether they intend to stand again. There will also be first-class articles on :—

Parliamentary Returns, and their bearing on Fare Trade.

Platform Politics. By an Old Buffer. Should the Straphanger's Corn be Protected ? (With a footnote on Retaliation.)

From a Swiss Cottage to the Mansion House. By a Waiter.

The Growing Indifference of the Masses to Class Distinctions.

The Origin of the Phrase : "Up Guards." By a Bakerloo Veteran.

There is reason to believe that the new paper will enjoy from the very start exceptional advantages in the way of circulation.

HENRY'S IDEA

OF THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

"YOU'VE seen the great and glorious news?" asked HENRY eagerly.

"I've been away," I said, "Tell me."

"Why, it's the finest thing that has ever happened. The Advisory Committee of the M.C.C. has discovered a new way of working out the championship. It's JESSOP's idea. You count five for a win and minus two for a loss, and then, as before, you divide the points by the number of finished matches."

"Oh, I did hear about that. It's meant to encourage enterprise, and fast scoring, and so on, isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know that it will do that exactly," said HENRY. "But it might encourage TODHUNTER a bit."

"TOD HUNTER? You mean DAVID, don't you?"

"No, TODHUNTER the Algebra man. It ought to give his books a bit of a leg-up. Yes, I must really send that copy to JESSOP."

HENRY chuckled to himself as he filled his pipe.

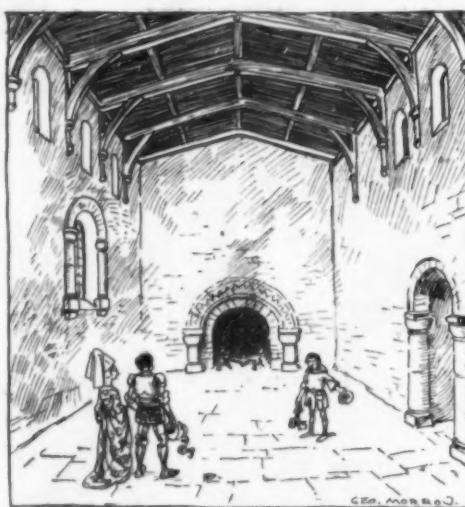
"I don't profess to be much of a mathematician myself," he went on, "but I remember that there was a chapter called 'Ratio, Proportion, and Variation' that came in the Algebra for the Little-Go. I suppose JESSOP missed that, somehow. Perhaps he took French instead. But if he had ever done it, or if he had consulted any schoolboy first, he would never have brought up his great scheme.

"Yes, of course, the two methods of scoring are exactly the same, really. I know that must sound almost incredible to a man who took French for his Little-Go, but so it is. You see it yourself, don't you? What I mean is that if Kent (say) is above Yorkshire on the old system, Kent is bound to be above Yorkshire on the new one. And if, next year, JESSOP has another brilliant idea of counting a million for a win, and minus thirty-seven for a loss the counties would still be in the same position. Ratio, Proportion, and Variation: it all comes into that. What a wonderful man TODHUNTER must have been!"

"All the same, though, I am glad JESSOP took French. Because, but for that, the Advisory Committee of the M.C.C. would never have had the chance of adopting his scheme; and I do think that the idea of all these great and earnest cricketers solemnly discussing whether the time was ripe for a startling

change, and then finding afterwards that they hadn't made a change at all, is one of the most glorious things that has ever happened in this world. It's what *The Sportsman* calls *Mens sana in corpore sano*.

"The papers are rather funny about it, too. Some of them are discovering that the order of last year's competition



HOUSE-HUNTING A.D. 1400.
THE KITCHEN.



FLAT-HUNTING, A.D. 1907.
THE KITCHEN.

remains the same under the new system of scoring, but they still think it's only a coincidence. One of the *Mail* men points out proudly that the best way of all would be to divide the wins by the finished matches, and he makes out his little table to show it. Of course the order is still the same, because that is what they have been doing all these years, only they don't realise it.

"I am beginning to wonder now how

JESSOP works out his batting average. Batting averages mean decimals, and decimals to a man who took French must be the very dickens. One mustn't be surprised now if all the rest of our great games players (who make our Empire what it is) follow suit. STEPHEN BLOOMER proposing, and the Advisory Committee of the Football Association unanimously adopting, his new plan of counting two for every goal instead of one, in order to encourage shooting; INMAN coming excitedly up with the suggestion that cannons should count six and pockets six or nine, and being welcomed with open arms by the Billiard Advisory Committee; DOHERTY with his new idea of dividing the present lawn-tennis scores by five —forward the Advisory Lawn-Tennis Association—— Oh, it's a great, great day for England!"

"But how would *you* arrange the county championship," I said, "supposing that they asked you?"

"Well, of course there's only one ideal way of scoring, and that is the way by which one's own county comes top. Lots of people discover it just at the end of the season, and write to *The Sportsman* about it. I once knew a man who lived in the beautiful Peak country, and he had invented a most elaborate system. I can't remember it all, but roughly the idea was five for a loss and minus two for a win, and something extra when WARREN played for England. His county always came out first that way."

"No, but seriously?"

"Seriously, the thing could be done quite easily. The chief complaint against the present system is that the drawn game makes no difference to a county's percentage. If a draw brought your percentage down, then certain teams wouldn't be so ready to play for one. Very well then; all you have to do is to divide a county's points by the number of matches *played*, instead of by the number *finished*. In this way every time a county draws a match its denominator gets larger, and its numerator remains the same. Perhaps numerator and denominator are rather difficult

words for an M.C.C. Advisory Committee, so I'll take an example. Yorkshire has played 14 (say), won 10, lost 2, drawn 2. Points 8—proportionate points $\frac{8}{14}$. Now it plays Sussex and draws. Points 8—proportionate points $\frac{8}{15}$. In other words it no longer pays them to draw. See? It's quite simple.

"What, are you going? Well, just find me some string. I must send off my TODHUNTER to JESSOP."

A PLEA FOR PANEGYRIC.

By the Editor of "P. T. F." ("Praise to the Face.")

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is in its way an excellent adage, but why, in the words of dear old SOLON, should we wait for the end? Why not antedate our eulogies and bestow them, when well-merited, on the living as well? There has long been a ridiculous prejudice against "praise to the face," due no doubt to that Pagan superstition embodied in the story of the Ring of POLYCRATES; but the progress of civilisation has gone far to eliminate it from the mental equipment of the up-to-date journalist. Cynics and misanthropes strive to disparage the beneficent influence of panegyric by comparing it with—butter. Yet a dispassionate inquiry will abundantly convince all but the most prejudiced observers that the comparison is honorific rather than the reverse. Butter is the supreme product of milk, which is the recognised emblem of human kindness. The cow, except in rare moments of irritation, is the very incarnation of gentleness, serenity and magnanimity. HOMER, that grand old prophet of the land of Nod, employed the epithet "ox-eyed" to express an essential attribute of feminine beauty. The Irish, the grandest race under the canopy, have been largely reared on butter-milk.

It is not for me to dwell on the extraordinarily nutritious qualities of cream, but I may be permitted to note that in its tropical sense, as the grammarians say, it stands for all that is noblest in the social and most exalted in the intellectual sphere. The Egyptians, the most wonderful people in the world's history, exalted the cat Pasht to the level of a Divinity, and where would our cats, brown or white, be without milk, cream, and inferentially butter? Life without lubricants would be impossible, or at best a succession of intolerable jars. Think of the Esquimaux bereft of blubber, of bicycles *minus* their little oil baths, of railway travelling without the solace of that rich golden unguent which is inserted by trusty officials in the axle-boxes of our great express trains! Lastly, it is not for nothing that the initials of the new and most exalted order of O.M. are identical with those of Oleo Margarine.

Of course occasions must arrive—painful, inevitable occasions—in which indulgence in the delights of unbridled adulation must be restrained by a sense of proportion and of one's duty to society. We would not go so far as to assert that all murderers are benefactors, or that Sultans can do no wrong. But it is always possible to dwell on extenuating



"OUR NEW CURATE SEEMS TO BE AN ALTRUIST."

"OH, DO YOU THINK SO? I QUITE THOUGHT FROM HIS INTONING THAT HE WAS A TENOR."

circumstances—provocation, a defective education or the demoralising influence of absolutism—and to temper the vinegar of censure with the honey of charity. Let us never forget the parricide's impressive plea for mercy, on the ground that he was an orphan. Besides, the criminal classes have many engaging qualities, and judicious panegyric (in a signed article) may at least induce them to refrain from exercising their predatory instincts at our own expense, whereas violent abuse may single us out for attack. It is reported of a famous editor of the old school that he was wont to instruct his contributors in the following terms: "Be kind, be merciful, be considerate, but when you meet a silly fool string him up." This awful, this Rhadamanthine precept no longer holds good. The school of BLUDYER is no more. We live in the day of LAUDER and laudation. In the

words of one of the greatest of contemporary singers:

"Our foemen no longer we bludgeon,
Our pettest aversions we bless;
For the crassest, crassest curmudgeon
Will yield to a gentle caress.
Of old for correction men clamoured,
But now, in these happier days,
Of unchecked adulation enamoured
We wallow in praise."

Mors Janua Vitæ.

[The following Irish notice, designed for local consumption, appears in some woods near Killarney.]

NOTICE

In accordance with the Provisions of 26 and 27 Vict. ch. 115

POISON

has been laid down for the
PRESERVATION OF GAME.



"COULD YOU SPARE US A PIECE OF BREAD, KIND SIR?"
"CERTAINLY, MY GOOD MAN—BROWN OR WHITE?"

THOUGHTS AND A DIARY.

(1.) THE THOUGHTS.

CONFFOUND my Diary. I must write it up, but it's twelve o'clock, and I've got to get up early to-morrow. Yes, a whiskey and soda—just a little one. There! I knew that syphon would spurt all over the table. Yes, a cigarette. Let me see. Yes, the dinner was excellent, and the talk splendid. Must write it all down. Immensely interesting to children and grandchildren. Six of us. M. began: "Nobody reads MILTON now." S. countered him: "I've read all of him, and read him every morning." M. screamed with derision. B. said CLEVELAND was considered much the better poet by contemporaries. Nobody else had heard of CLEVELAND, except F., who mixed him up with GROVER CLEVE-

LAND, the President of the United States. C. said he didn't want to marry his deceased wife's sister, especially as he hadn't got a wife, and B. said the whole controversy showed an extraordinary want of taste, which made C. very angry. "How about the Colonies?" he asked. Up came question of domicile, hotly debated by F. and M., who thought we were doing too much for the Colonies. S. chimed in again volubly. B. asked him not to imagine he stood on a peak in Darien, and C. begged him to remember that if he did stand there he ought to obey the quotation and be silent, even if he had eagle eyes. S. retorted that it wasn't CORTEZ who was silent, but his men, and then three of them gave the quotation at length. Statesmanship was the next subject (the liqueurs came in about the same time), and M. said the

Government was going from bad to worse, whereupon B. defied him to do his worst, and M. said he would do it. By this time F. and C. had begun to discuss religious poetry. B. said there was no such thing as religious poetry: there was only poetry. If it was bad as poetry it couldn't become good or even tolerable because it was written in a religious spirit. Somebody thought religious poetry was like English music, and everybody else laughed scornfully. I ought to expand all this and write it down in full. GREVILLE would have done it. Time to go to bed, but must fill up Diary. Diary is an eternal bore—there's no doubt about it. Well, well! I'll write.

(2.) THE DIARY.

Dull weather. Dined with M., S., B., F. and C. Good dinner and much talk.

A PARALLEL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know I'm only a girl, so perhaps I can't argue very well, so will you tell me what is wrong with this that I said to Father yesterday?

You must know that Father is a very keen statesman. He stood for the division last election, and just failed to get in by three thousand votes, owing to the other side lying so. Every morning he reads out bits from the papers at breakfast, and says, "There! What did I prognosticate?" and, "Oh, for half-an-hour of CHAMBERLAIN!" and things like that. We generally get the evening paper of the day before at breakfast, and for the last week he has read out this from *The Evening News*:

"The Colonies wish to draw closer to us through Preference. This is our last chance. Shall we disappoint them?"

The first day or so I didn't mind, and I said, "Oh, don't let's," or something like that. But after the sixth time I got rather bored; so I asked CHARLIE what Preference meant, and he explained.

Well, this morning, when father read it, I smiled very sweetly, and then I said, "Father, I wish to draw closer to you through the medium of an extra £20 a year dress-money. This is your last chance. Will you disappoint me?"

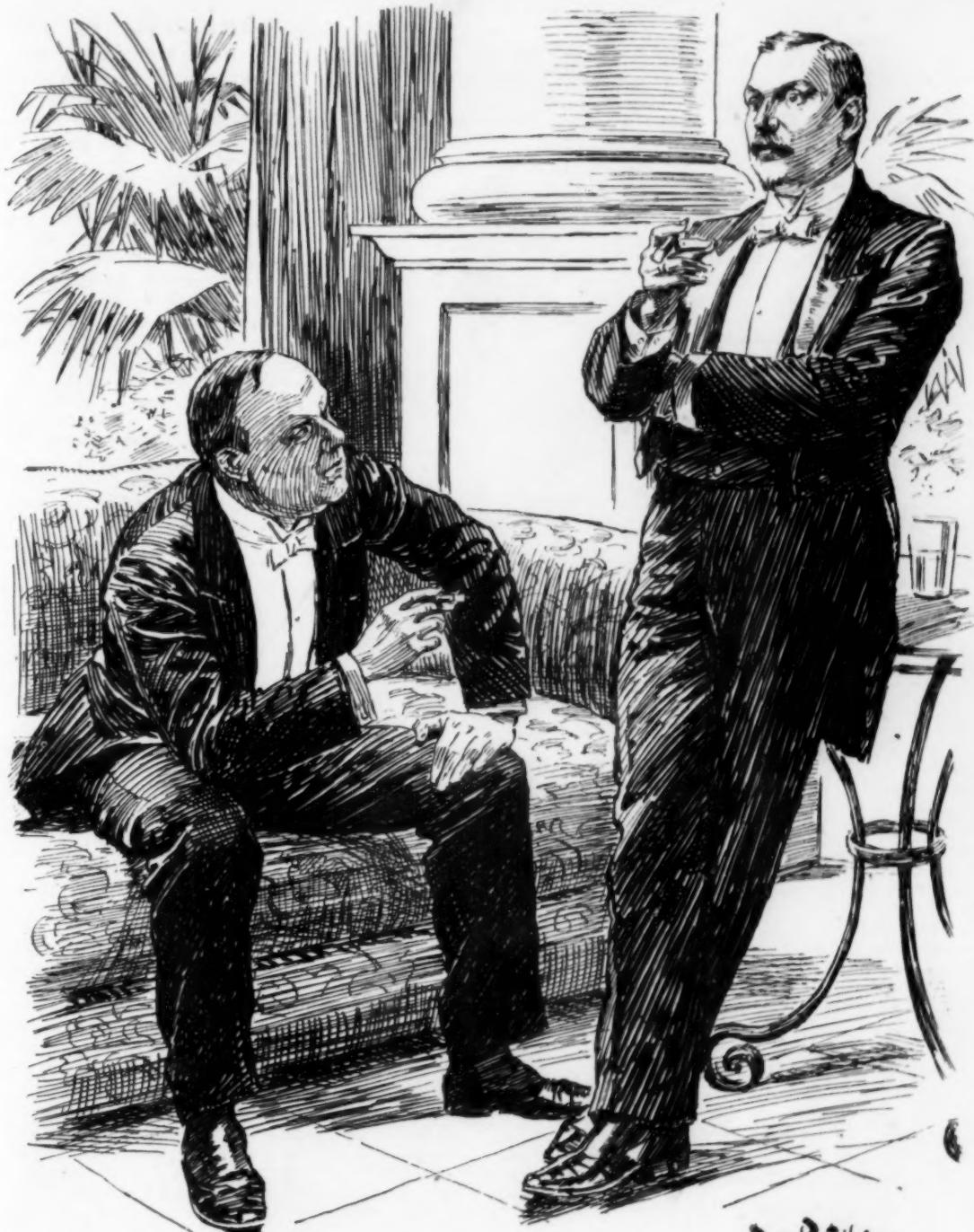
Mr. Punch, it was awful the things he said, but I managed to gather that he would. Yet isn't the idea just the same? Do explain to me, because I am sure you understand everything.

Your friend, ETHEL.

FROM a paragraph in the *Glasgow News*, headed "To-day's Golf":

"LOVEJOY played best in the short game, and won easily. Scores:—LOVEJOY (receives 100), 400; DAWSON, 167."

LOVEJOY's handicap is tremendous, and if only his long game would improve he ought to win a Monthly Medal.



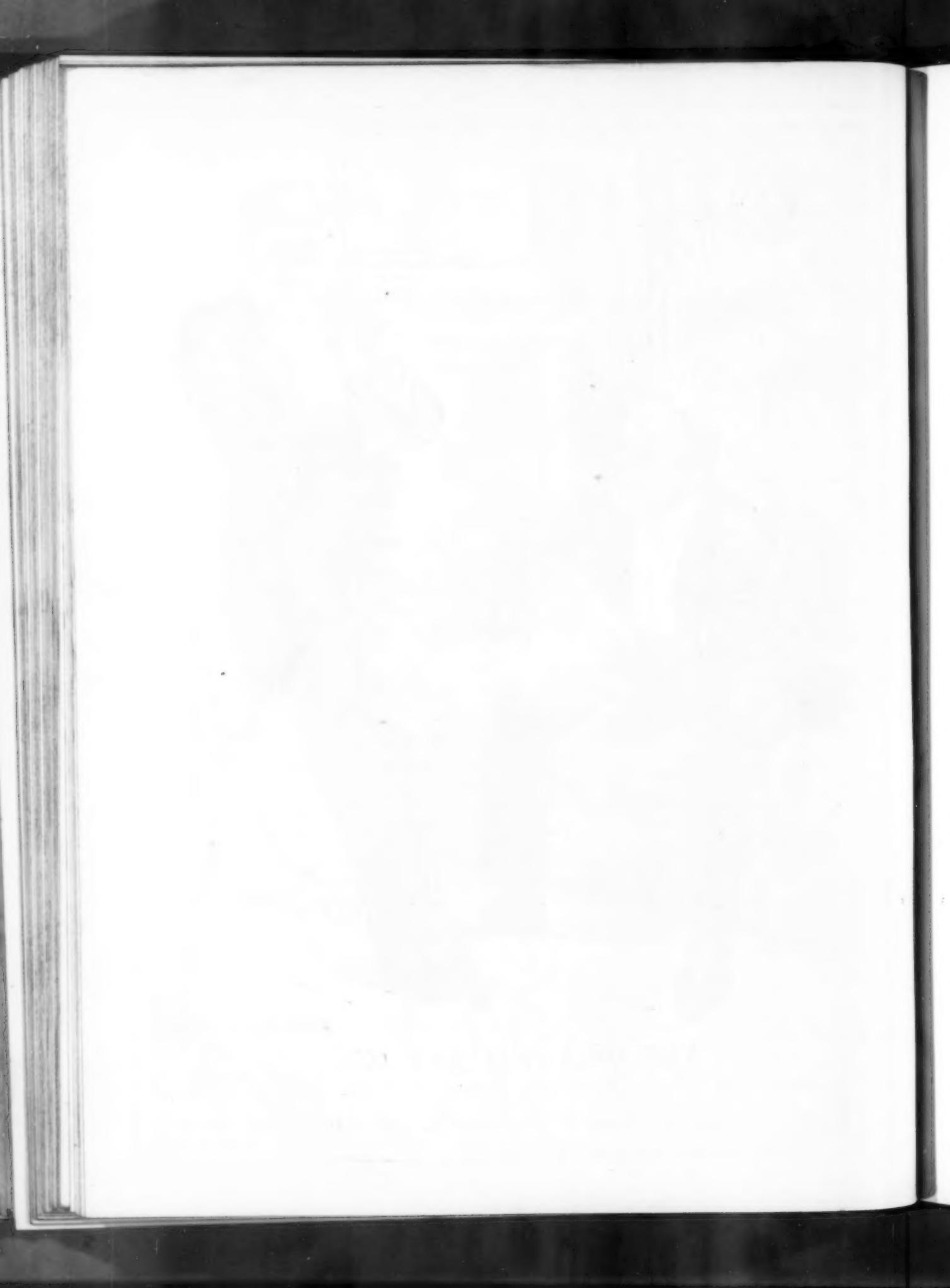
THE ONLY WAY—BUT ONE.

MR. HALDANE. "AND WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS, GENERAL, AS TO THE RAISING OF A CIVILIAN ARMY?"

GENERAL BOTHA. "WELL, WE FOUND IT SIMPLE ENOUGH. WE RELIED ON THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION."

MR. HALDANE. "AH!"

[Left thinking.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 15.

—Lord ROBERT CECIL entering House just now provided interesting example of how the mind sometimes unconsciously moulds the action of the body. If possible, he is a more devoted Churchman than brother HUGH. Its creeds, functions, formulae and furniture are dear to his heart. Halting at the Bar on his way to seat above the gangway, he dropped into attitude that presented to admiring House perfect model of a church lectern. With elbows pressed to sides, he held with both hands a copy of the Orders widely opened. Above this reading-desk were seen his shoulders shrugged high, his head bent over the paper he studied. His legs closely pressed together served as pedestal resting on feet with toes out-turned. No one would have been surprised if, uplifting his head and closing the opened paper, he had intoned, "Here endeth the first lesson."

Possible force of habit might have carried him so far but for the rousing cheer that greeted Mr. LUPTON. That diffident Member had on the paper question addressed to Chairman of Kitchen Committee inquiring "if he buys vaccinated veal for the House of Commons, and if not, will he endeavour to purchase some if the price is moderate?" General feeling regarded the demand as unreasonable. If LUPTON likes vaccinated veal, it is a luxury he should treat himself to in the privacy of his home. On such a question there are five or six hundred others to be considered. If precedent established, there is no reason why another voluntary might not insist upon chitterlings forming a course in the shilling dinner to whose elaboration and perfection JACOBY has given up laborious days, for which he has suffered feverish nights.

JACOBY met the situation with dignity worthy renown of a long line of Chairmen of the Kitchen Committee. At the outset he created some surprise by producing a glass instrument of colossal size. On first glance it looked like a mammoth soda-water tumbler. New Members began to think it was the insignia of the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, who wore it as the doorkeepers display their gilt badges. Circular in shape, it was something short of a foot in diameter and



THE LORD R-B-RT C-C-L LECTERY.
(A Suggestion to Ecclesiastical Equipment-makers.)



AN INTERESTING AND REMARKABLE SPECIMEN.
Mr. J-c-by, his Magnifying Glass, and Professor L-pt-n.

gleamed brightly in the afternoon sun. It turned out to be merely an eyeglass, produced for the more convenient reading of the written-out answer with which the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee rebuked the indiscretion of the Member for Sleaford. Having consulted his copy of a recent issue of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, JACOBY was fortunate in finding veal within the time-limit of subjects dealt with. He gleaned the interesting facts that vaccinated veal is "very dark in colour." In course of cooking, this peculiarity is accentuated to the extent that "the meat turns quite black."

"I must," said the CHAIRMAN in a final sentence spoken with unfaltering voice, "decline to comply with the hon. Member's request."

The House was quick to recognise the loftiness of tone running through this brief answer. The CHAIRMAN OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE has no narrow prejudices. He did not object to vaccinated veal *per se* as an item in the daily dinner. But the colour arrangement alluded to seemed to preclude its admission, leading him to the conclusion which shattered Mr. LUPTON's hopes of a succulent meal.

Business done.—C.-B. moves Resolution providing for closure of debate on Procedure Rules at 10 o'clock tomorrow night. PRINCE ARTHUR, a masterful man in this matter when he ruled the roast, equally surprised and pained. Resolution carried by 289 votes against

87.

Tuesday night.—Out of depths of drear dulness suddenly rose a breeze that presently reached proportions of a storm. It was all about C.-B., at the moment placidly eating his oysters at the Eighty Club Banquet to the Colonial Premiers, sipping his *petite marmite*, toying with his *filet de sole Marguery*, thinking tenderly of the *asperges d'Argenteuil* to follow, and wondering how any man with such opportunities should hanker after vaccinated veal.

Question arose as to what precisely the PREMIER had said on EDWARD CARSON's amendment to Procedure Rules designed to give Members opportunity of making as many speeches as they like on Report stage of a Bill. At present are limited to delivery of one. C.-B., having undertaken to accept the spirit of CARSON's amendment, presented material body—"a corpse," CARSON called it—in form of amendment which limited to Minister in charge



SELLING A RAPHAEL ("THE EXODUS").

When Mr. Asquith announced that millionaires leaving over 3 millions will pay 10 per cent. on the first million and 15 per cent. on the remainder, Mr. R-ph-l rose and left the House in disgust, amid roars of laughter.

of Bill and Member submitting an amendment the privilege of speaking twice.

"A breach of faith!" roared CARSON, in best Old Bailey manner, shaking threatening forefinger at empty dock.

MCKENNA made spirited retort, which brought up PRINCE ARTHUR, who contributed most dramatic episode to the scene. Testified on evidence of his own hearing that C.-B. had given the pledge described.

"It would," he said, "be in accordance with the best traditions of the House if even now the Government were to say they had made statements and given pledges which the simplest and most universally accepted principles of—"

Here he paused, whilst the House waited for completion of a terrible indictment.

"Well," he added, shrugging his shoulders and gazing round at listening throng, "I really do not want to embitter debate, and will leave the sentence unfinished."

("Another cut of that excellent *poularde du Mans.*")

'Twas the voice of the PREMIER, recognisable across space, whispering his wants at the Eighty Club Banquet, all unconscious of the turmoil in the Commons.)

HENRY FOWLER almost affected to tears by this attack on his absent colleague.

ALFRED LYTTELTON, on whom judicial manner fitly sits, generously absolved the PRIME MINISTER from deliberate intention to deceive. He had probably not meant to convey impression current at that side of the House. But the question was not what was in his mind, but what he had publicly said.

"A perfect scandal!" cried ROBERT CECIL, throwing up long lean arms with gesture reminiscent of the late WILSON

BARRETT when inquiring with iteration how long did anyone think this sort of thing was going on.

Fortunately division at hand to soothe the savage breast. Ministerialists mustered majority exceeding 200. At 10 o'clock guillotine dragged on the scene. Strong feeling on Opposition benches that if justice were done the head of the PREMIER would roll into the basket. "Instead of which" it was their amendments that were one by one decapitated. Two hours' marching and counter-marching. At sound of midnight boomerang from Big Ben task completed. Formerly we had two Grand Committees. Now — converse of the case of the ten little niggers at a certain stage of their depletion — now there'll be four.

Business done.—New Procedure Rule carried.

Thursday.—When in course of his speech explanatory of the Budget ASQUITH came to deal with Death Duties, the faces that thronged every part of House from floor to side galleries presented curiously interesting study. Members thought they had heard the worst or the best in the CHANCELLOR's statement about the Income Tax. When he dropped ominous hint of foraging among the Death Duties in order to balance the deficit created by readjustment of Income Tax, a cloud dropped over the sea of faces. It was for the most part uplifted when ASQUITH mentioned that on estates not exceeding value of £150,000 the current rate of duties will remain in force. Below the gangways on both sides this was felt as a personal relief. What happened to friends and neighbours likely to "cut up" for more than £150,000, was a matter of sympathy but not of home concern. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS



Don't be alarmed; this merely represents certain distinguished Unionists engaged in their favourite pastime of accusing the Prime Minister of breach of faith and various other trifles. This they do with a ferocity and a wealth of invective worthy of —; but, like Mr. Balfour, we do not want to embitter debate, so we leave the sentence unfinished.

(Mr. Balfour, Sir E. Carson, Mr. Aspinwall-Chamberlain, and Lord Robert Cecil.)

on one side joined Mr. WEIR on the other in hearty cheer.

As the inexorable CHANCELLOR went on, slowly but surely piling added impost on accumulated millions, one saw here and there a brow suddenly clouded with discontent. The figure of three millions reached and the tax still going up, an affecting incident befell. RAPHAEL could no more bear the rack. Rising from his place he with pained footsteps made for the door. Non-millionaire Members, their withers unwrung, broke into shout of laughter which for some moments interrupted the CHANCELLOR's discourse. But ASQUITH, though a Chancellor of the Exchequer, is also a man. Instinctively feels sympathy for a down-trodden class even though they be millionaires.

"The added taxation," he said, when silence was partially restored, "applies only to the property of the dead. It does not affect the incomes of the living."

But RAPHAEL was beyond sound or sign of consolation, carrying his sorrow with him into the outer Lobby.

Business done.—Budget expounded.

OUR NEW AERODROME.

ONE does not usually associate humour with machinery, but the efforts of the twenty-odd model aeroplanes to achieve flight at the Alexandra Palace on April 15 were distinctly mirth-provoking, and we are of opinion that all possible encouragement should be given to inventors, if on that ground alone. A few comic flying machines would go far (in a metaphorical sense) to redeem the dulness of an ordinary garden party. Of those which were previously exhibited at the Cordinley Motor Show we observed several that were quite enlivening by their mere appearance—notably the red, white and blue ottoman with six legs which apparently sucked up air, and the bird of corrugated aluminium with borrowed albatross' wings, which would fascinate any modern Ancient Mariner. There were many others whose entertaining capabilities were only revealed by the later actual trials in the open air.

Mr. Punch, therefore, proposes to hold very shortly a further Aeroplane Competition in the vacant building plot between Aldwych and the Strand. The First, Second, and Third Prizes will be Mr. Punch's Priceless Esteem, (1) for Twelve calendar months, (2) for Six ditto, and (3) for Three, respectively. Entries are invited for the following sections:—

A. Air-skidders: of not less than 1 wild-goose power, guaranteed to cause diversion among the bystanders by short unexpected sprints in zigzag directions.



EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY (MORAL).

Celia. "WE DO SO HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DINE WITH US ON THURSDAY WEEK, DEAR LADY GERTRUDE."

Lady Gertrude. "I'M SO SORRY,—I'M AFRAID I CAN'T POSSIBLY, AS I HAVE TO CHAPERON MY MAID THAT EVENING TO ONE OF OUR VILLAGE DANCES IN THE CHURCH SCHOOLS."

B. Aeroboomerangs: to create hilarity by recoiling on the exhibitor's head.

C. Turtleplanes: diffusing joy by flapping vigorously with their wings and flopping to the ground in an inverted position.

D. Daisy-cutters: to raise a laugh by travelling along the surface among the L.C.C. brickbats in search of spring wild-flowers—cutter-rigged fore and aft.

E. Set-pieces: to please the junior members of the company by a fireworks

display—will not be expected to budge from the starting-point.

There will be, in addition, a miscellaneous class for models constructed of sardine tins and bits of newspaper and string, for giant tip-cats, for colossal grasshoppers, for man-lifting fleas, and for all other risible aids to aviation. Designers and inventors will accordingly please walk up—they are not called upon as yet to fly, but only to add to the gaiety of London.

ZIG-ZAG.

LETTERS WITHOUT ANSWERS.

From Lt.-Col. Maldemar to Sir Wilson Phillimore, M.D.

I.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, March 15, 1907.

MY DEAR PHILLIMORE,—I am here, in fairly comfortable quarters. The journey was tiring, but I think we have now recovered from the effects. I say "we," but Mrs. MALDEMAR is a traveller whom nothing can fatigue. The only thing that worries me is your ukase against stimulants. I don't think you really understand how necessary a little stimulant—only a little—has been to me, and to stop them suddenly and completely in this way may, according to a medical treatise which I have been reading, be a dangerous thing. Will you not reconsider this part of your treatment, and name some light and harmless wine that I may take? There is a *very dry* light champagne in this hotel which the Maître d'ôtel tells me is a favourite with dyspeptics. Please let me know at your earliest convenience, if possible by wire.

Yours very gratefully,
HECTOR MALDEMAR.

II.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, March 21.

MY DEAR PHILLIMORE,—I am sorry that you feel so strongly about my total abstinence. I think you ought to know that I met at lunch to-day a very delightful and well-informed man, a retired Indian Civil servant, who seems to have had very much the same kind of turn that I have, and you know, of course, what India is when a man has a good liver, to say nothing of any one predisposed to dyspepsia. Well, I was astonished to see him drinking claret freely, and he said that, prejudicial as he finds all other wines and spirits, claret has never done him any harm, and is allowed by his medical adviser. It seems to me that he and I resemble each other very closely—so closely, in fact, that there would probably be no harm in my adopting his *régime*. But of course I do not care to do so without your sanction.

I am, yours sincerely,
HECTOR MALDEMAR.

III.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, March 25.

MY DEAR PHILLIMORE,—I am sorry about the claret. Since I wrote I have met another man, at the English Club here, whose capacity to digest is practi-

cally nil, and yet he was putting away whiskey and seltzer with perfect composure and confidence. He had three during one rubber, and when I left in order, by your rules, to be in bed by half-past ten (an infernal bore), he was beginning another. From the few

bottle of champagne at lunch and dinner. Yours despondently,

HECTOR MALDEMAR.

P.S.—I am very flat, and my vital processes seem to me dangerously slow.

IV.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, March 26.

DEAR PHILLIMORE,—One meets with kindred sufferers in strange places. Yesterday, in the train, on the way to Mentone, I found myself seated next to a very decent fellow, a chauffeur from Glasgow, on his way to a new employer. Gradually we got into conversation, and I found him, like myself, although otherwise a strong man, a martyr to defective alimentation, which, I need hardly say, he called by another name. Notwithstanding, he was continually nipping at a flask, containing, as I ascertained, neat brandy—which is, he says, *the only thing that he can take with safety*. Now it seems to me that if he (a man very similar to myself in physique) can take neat brandy with impunity if not profit, I should run no risk in taking some diluted with mineral water: say the admirable St. Galmier or Eau d'Evian, which one can get here so easily. Pray let me know—if possible by wire.

Yours sincerely,

HECTOR MALDEMAR.

V.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, April 2.

DEAR PHILLIMORE,—I was pained to read your wire. Things are getting very bad with me. I write now to tell you that a cousin of my wife's has just arrived here on a visit, and I am astonished and deeply interested to find that she suffers with her liver almost identically as I do with mine. (What a little world it is!) But the curious thing is that so far from being denied any stimulant by her doctor she has *actually been advised by him* to take a dry Sauterne called Carboneux with every meal. As I said, she is a cousin of my wife's, which brings her case very near my own. Surely I might venture to try a similar treatment? Awaiting your reply, I am, yours sincerely,

HECTOR MALDEMAR.

VI.

Hôtel Superbe, Nice, April 5.

DEAR PHILLIMORE,—I do not wish to do anything unfriendly, as I am sure you will agree, but the advisability of having a medical man on the premises is urged upon me by Mrs. MALDEMAR, and, unwilling as I am to leave you, I have at



A FLOORER.

MR. MADDOX BROWNE, WHOSE PICTURES THE ACADEMY HANGING COMMITTEE HAVE RUTHERO MERCILESSLY SKIED, HAS THIS YEAR EVOLVED A PLAN THAT WILL ENSURE HIS "ALBION'S REALM" BEING ON THE LINE.

words I was able to get with him between the games, I should say that his case was as like mine as two peas. This being so, don't you think I might try, say, one whiskey and seltzer every day? Life is very dull as things are, especially as Mrs. MALDEMAR will not (as I certainly should were she confined to water as I am) give up her half-

length consented. (You know what it is when one's wife insists.) The physician in question is a most capable man, highly spoken of here, and since he lives here and understands the climate, and as I am no better, I am disposed to give him a trial. I thought you ought to know this, but feel sure it will make no difference to our old and cordial relations. Yours always sincerely,

HECTOR MALDEMAR.

A THEATRICAL FORECAST.

(From our Correspondent.)

St. Petersburg, April 2, 1908.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER opened his season last night at the Imperial Theatre before a crowded and brilliant audience. Owing to a strike of electricians, there was a serious risk that, for want of adequate illumination, the performance would have to be postponed, but by heroic exertions and the purchase of a vast quantity of fairy lamps, Mr. ALEXANDER contrived to cope with the emergency, and the curtain rose only about three-quarters of an hour late. The play chosen for the opening performance was *His House in Order*, and the presence of the Duma, who entirely filled the stalls and dress circle, lent a peculiar appropriateness to the choice. The Premier, M. STOLYPIN, and several Grand Dukes occupied boxes, and a contingent of anarchists, closely watched by the police, were conspicuous in the gallery. In these circumstances it will readily be imagined that the scene in the auditorium was extremely animated; indeed, the performance for the most part was conducted in dumb show. Frantic enthusiasm was displayed by the Georgian deputies, to whom Mr. ALEXANDER's Christian name appealed with peculiar force, while the Court Party claim him, in virtue of his surname, as one of the pillars and props of Tsardom. Mr. ALEXANDER was called thirteen times after the Second Act and, in response to unanimous cries for a speech, delivered an impassioned harangue to the Duma on the working of the Highways Committee in the London County Council. After the Third Act Mr. ALEXANDER was introduced to M. STOLYPIN and invested by him with the Order of the Golden Plover's Egg, and at the close of the play the stage was bombarded with caviare, vodka, Muscovy ducks, and other characteristic tributes. Subsequently Mr. ALEXANDER entertained the entire Duma to supper at his hotel. A masked ball followed, dancing being kept up till nearly 9 A.M., when Mr. ALEXANDER and his company started for MOSCOW.

The attitude of the critics, as reflected by this morning's papers, is somewhat mixed. *The Imperial Tailor and Cutter*



ZUNNING KING

Lady. "AND HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND NOW, MRS. STODGE?"

Mrs. S. "'E STILL BE A BIT QUEER IN 'IS 'EAD, MISS. SINCE 'E TOOK ON SO WITH THEM FOLK AT THE EBENEZER, 'E DO GET THEM HALLELUCLINATIONS SO BAD!"

speaks with enthusiasm of the sartorial perfection of Mr. ALEXANDER's impersonation, which it describes as not only clear but well cut. *The Pelmelikoff Gazetsky* dwells complacently on the indebtedness of the British stage to Russian actors, noting the enormous popularity of such performers as TCHIRGUIN, LITTLE TICHSKY (a favourite pupil of LESCHETITSKY), IVAN LE HAY, and the Grand Duke CYRIL MAUDE. *The Slovo* and *The Retch* express a doubt whether the *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and Russia is likely to be promoted by the visit of an actor whose name stamps him as a sympathiser with the Romanoff dynasty.

"Dr. ASTLEY, who was twice Mayor of Dover, was passionately fond of music, and gave an organ which cost £3000 to the town."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THERE is nothing new about this. We are all familiar with the lines:

Mr. Brown of his great bounty
Built this bridge at the expense of the county.

OXFORD RE-VISITED.

I WANDERED down "The Broad" and up
"The High,"
As I was wont, in far-off days, [to do,—
When lo, debouching from the "Grid."
came two
Resplendent youths who, sauntering
idly by,
Cast on my form a supercilious eye
Whose glance said very plainly, "Who
are you
That dare obtrude yourself upon our
view?
This place is ours, for we have bought
it. Fly!"
I realised that I was on the shelf
In that brief moment; saddened and
forlorn,
I paused irresolute upon my way;
Then, thinking that a dog soon has
his day,
Strode on, till suddenly I found myself
Standing (like Rurn) "amid the alien
'Corn.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Our Lady of the Beeches (HEINEMANN), by Baroness von HUTTEN, is a slight, pretty tale; rather commonplace as far as its chief figures are concerned. It opens with anonymous correspondence between an American lady, married abroad, and the author of a psychological work which she admires. Her prattle of "my beeches" and "my shadows," and so forth, recalls the manner of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. Can there be something in the clash of heredity with exotic environment that compels all Anglo-Saxon authoresses with German titles to drop into this horticultural vein? The Baroness von HUTTEN will perhaps pardon this personality, since she herself, in this little book, gives us the benefit of her special knowledge as to the experience of American women who marry European noblemen. I thank her for this; and also for the following appreciation of her sex's methods: "She smiled at him in the charming way some women have of smiling at a man they like—as though she knew him much better than he knew himself."

I understand from report, having omitted to read them, that the Baroness's *Pam* books have had a vogue. I can well believe they deserved it, for her style has a certain facile charm. And I hope that in future she will neither rest on her laurels nor use them as brushwood for the boiling of picnic-kettles. Her present trifle lacks distinction, though there is a touch of high quality in one of the minor characters. It is a French-American peasant, a graceful scamp, with one good day in each year, when he lays a white stone on the grave of his dead child, jealously guarding his devotion from the knowledge of others, and grudging the child's mother her right to a share in their common memory.

Mr. NICHOLSON has hardly done full justice to the author in his portrait that serves as frontispiece. Nor she to herself in allowing her portrait to be there in any shape.

In *The Sweets of Office* (JOHN LONG) Mrs. TWEEDALE has much to say about Socialism. But the reader is left in doubt as to whether she is of the creed or opposed to it. Her heroine, *Grace Morland*, was a Socialist and became the wife of one. "While she sat darning and mending or hushing a fractious child to sleep, her thoughts took wing to a day of freedom when the home life, which pressed so heavily upon her, would be exchanged for the glorious emancipation of liberty and virile action." Though there be some doubt as to the author's sympathy with these aspirations, there is none about her dislike of abnormally large families. The sketch of *Grace Morland's* father is so vivid as to suggest reminiscence of actuality. A man of good family and some means, he was soured by the increase of his brood, which was indeed phenomenal. "The family of twelve," Mrs. TWEEDALE writes, "ranged from one month to eighteen, which was *Grace Morland's* age." Blessed is he that hath his quiver full. But twelve children in eighteen months is a trial which suggests the charity of forbearance for a father's fractiousness.

Contemplation of this domestic embarrassment is early diverted by discovery that the main purpose of the book is to paint in lurid colours the individuality of one of the best known among His Majesty's Ministers. The travesty is attempted with a measure of license rarely met with in English fiction. In order that there shall be no mistake as to identity the memory and tragic end of an illustrious father are dragged in. Whilst dealing with political affairs generally, Mrs. TWEEDALE displays an undigested half knowledge; but her study of the original of *Sir Grantley Selwyn* is exceedingly close, familiar gestures and little turns of speech being reproduced. *Sir Grantley* is avowedly an unprincipled politician who has

left the Conservative party with which he was associated by birth and training and gone over to the Liberals because he thought C.-B.—the initials are not withheld—would feed him with those sweets of office for which he hungered. Ruined in health, suffering from attacks of incipient insanity, he rises in the House of Commons to announce intention of proclaiming his desertion of the Ministry in order to join the Labour Party, who, he believes, hold the trump card, when he is smitten down by paralysis and passes out of public life. Of the good taste of this sort of thing there cannot be two opinions.

In WALTER RAYMOND's *Book of Crafts*
And Character are met

In whoamly guise, avore your eyes,
The volk o' Zomerzet.

Now theas here volk, this Mr. R.

Zo makes 'em chat away

There idden one of all he's done
Don't read zo true as day,

He must ha' lodged wi' they, for zure,
An' studied on 'em, too;

An' seems to me, they took to he
An' learned him all they knew.

HODDER AN' ZTOUGHTON be the virm
Ha' got his book to zell,
An' I do zay that he an' they
Should do oncommon well.

No one writes badly of Holland, and many write well. There is something in the air that prevents dulness. The latest Dutch book to come our way is a very agreeable one. *Three Vagabonds in Friesland*, by H. F. TOMALIN (SIMPSON, MARSHALL & CO.), may not be so engagingly funny as *Three in Norway*, that excellent work, but is good reading throughout, while the photographic illustrations are first-rate. No one who is going to Friesland ought to ignore it—as an *apéritif*; no one who has been ought to ignore it—as a *digestif*. Can I say more?

There were once two sisters,—a Beauty and an Ugly Duckling. The Beauty and an Austrian Prince fell in love with one another, but married other people, he a possible Princess, she an impossible English Peer, who smelt of the stables and whiskey. In due time the Prince followed her to England, looked in her eyes and saw that he was still loved, and didn't run away with her, because at the critical moment his Princess presented him with a son and heir. Meanwhile, the Ugly Duckling, after the manner of her kind, developed into Beauty and an Artist, and, as the greatest actress of her day, most properly married its handsomest Actor-Manager—as it might be Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. This is, of course, not the first time that one has met these characters and heard their story, but still *The Imperfect Gift* (MURRAY) is quite a readable piece of fiction. Only, next time, Miss PHYLLIS BOTOME, you would be wiser to select a less conventional theme for the display of your powers. And then, perhaps, some day, you too may become an Artist, though, of course, I do not wish to imply that you are at present an Ugly Duckling.

The New History.

FROM a pupil-teacher's essay: "There were many difficulties in WALPOLE's way. Neither GEORGE nor WALPOLE knew English, so their communications were carried on in a commercial language called Dog Latin."